

THE ARTIGUM
of the MASSACHUSETTS
NORMAL ART SCHOOL



B O S T O N



SOPHOMORE NUMBER



Vol. IV

Boston, Massachusetts, December, 1925

No. 2

GEORGE BELLOWES
1882-1925

In the January of 1925 an artist died, one of whom it has been said, "No man of his time has a stronger claim upon remembrance in the annals of American art". This man was George Bellows.

The outstanding trait of Bellows was his Americanism. It was implicit in the whole man, it permeated all his work. No casually acquired quality was this but a glorious heritage, for his ancestry dated back to 1632 when Colonel Benjamin Bellows had come to New England, and had founded the town of Bellows Falls, Vermont.

George Bellows was born in Columbus, Ohio, in 1882. As a boy he had no thought of an artistic future; he wanted to become a baseball player. When he had finished his public schooling his father, an architect, sent him to Ohio State University, where he distinguished himself by making the varsity baseball team in his Freshman year. He became interested in drawing, and spent all his spare time on cartoons and illustrations for the college magazine. During vacations he worked on the staff of the Ohio State Journal drawing sport cartoons. He decided to become an artist, and when he left college, rejected an offer to play professional baseball in order to study art.

It was in 1903 that Bellows came to New York, a tall, good-natured fellow, a perfect sportsman. He studied under Kenneth Hayes Miller, H. G. Maratta,

Jay Hambidge, and Robert Henri. While with Hambidge he became interested in dynamic symmetry, which proved a practical aid in the painting of his pictures. Robert Henri influenced Bellows more than any other artist, and through this influence of Henri, he was indirectly influenced by Manet. *River Rats*, painted while he was still a student of Henri, was sent at the request of that artist to the National Academy, and was accepted and hung. This was the first of Bellows' works to be publicly exhibited.

Within three or four years of his advent in New York, Bellows was recognized by the critics, and his success with the public was reasonably prompt. Before he was thirty his paintings had found their way into more than one museum. At thirty-one he became a member of the National Academy. Later he allied himself with the radicals, as a director of the Society of Independent Artists, and as a chief factor in the New Society. He was an enormous worker and organizer, a vivid and vital note in American art.

Last January, George Bellows died, a man of forty-two, an artist represented in museums all over the country, although his ripest years were before him.

Bellows is most widely known for his pugilists, polo players and wharf-rats. These pictures, rowdy and clamorous as they sometimes are, are remarkable crea-

tions with great rhythm of beauty in line and color. They vibrate with the force and vitality that are the main characteristics of Bellows's work. They are American to the core.

His touch as a painter was sure and certain. He was never a colorist, but he did use rich color with unusual and startling effects. He painted landscapes along the Hudson and East Rivers, landscapes full of extraordinary truth and character, full of the charm that his depiction of conscious life often lacked. He painted nudes. He painted one notable historical picture, Edith Cavell, intensely dramatic. It is interesting to think what he might have done with great themes. In 1923 he attempted a religious picture, the Crucifixion. This was a failure, a melodramatic and artificial affair.

Bellows's portraits are delightful. He painted splendid pictures of important people. His most famous portrait is Emma and her Children, which won the William A. Clark prize at the Corcoran Gallery of Art. It is distinguished in design, tender, reserved, and wistful in feeling. He painted a charming canvas of his mother, and other lovely pictures of his wife and daughters.

Because he was most keenly interested in black and white, Bellows did a great many drawings for magazine articles. He illustrated Donn Byrne's "The Wind Bloweth" and H. G. Wells's "Men Like Gods." His method in illustrating was to suggest the atmosphere rather than to attempt photographic portraits. These drawings and his lithographs are considered among the best done in this country. We had the opportunity of viewing his lithographs at the Art Club last month, and for those who missed them there is the account in the Art News of the last Art Gum. They are well composed and superbly drawn, the later ones showing a refining tenderness. A lover of lithography has said, "It is safe to say, even when one thinks of Daumier, Gavarni, or some of the famous English artists, that Bellows has carried lithography to even greater heights; in beauty of tone, silvery grays and velvety even blacks, it is unexcelled."

"George Bellows died at forty-two and his legacy to the world was probably

the richest, the most vital, the most sincere output in art that has been achieved by any American painter of his years."

He was not concerned with old masters, their works, or their histories. Because of his indifference to technique and rules it is difficult to link him with any school or influence. If he had any artistic father it was Manet.

Whatever Bellows did, sprang from first hand dealing with life. "I have never known a man more direct in his contacts, more spontaneously or artlessly a realist, more wholeheartedly sincere." He painted what he saw because it was there, and because it appealed to him. He responded to every vital influence of life, without ever changing his purpose or his interest in American life. The achievement of Bellows was his fusion of subject and treatment, the matching of truth and technique in a remarkable balance.

Bellows painted some flat failures, but never dull, standardized ones. His pictures, however bad, carried always some forceful truth. He was constantly attacking a new problem with zest, fearless honesty, and enthusiasm. There was terrific force in the man; he was forceful in his beliefs, his interests, his accomplishments. He had the analytical reasoning processes of a philosopher, the aspiring mind of an idealist, and the skilled hand of a craftsman; all these vitalized by a powerful and vivid imagination. In no way did he ever exhaust this imagination, his interest, or his capacity of expression.

A memorial exhibition of Bellows's pictures is being held at this time in New York City. "The collection of George Bellows's work is really a gathering together of one man's interest in life, his belief in the world, as well as the expression of his own artistic and spiritual integrity, his delight in all beauty that could be shown through his art; his appreciation of the serenity of beautiful home life, welding together all happiness, expressing joy with purpose unstained by any point of view that could have rendered him a smaller, less effective artist."

Even in those early pictures that lacked the elements of refinement and reserve,

(Continued on page 21)

COURTESY OF FRANK CROWNSHIELD



DRAWING OF A NUDE
by
George Bellows

COURTESY OF FRANK CROWNSHIELD



"MY MOTHER"
by
George Bellows



"STAG AT SHARKEY'S"
by
George Bellows

A TALE OF OLD STAMBOUL

A sad-eyed daughter of the star and crescent wandered aimlessly through the rose-scented garden in the palace grounds. Her heart was as heavy as the night which hung dark and threatening. For her father, Sevas Pasha, had promised her hand in marriage to the wealthy old landowner Chattifeli. Yes, Chattifeli of the bald pate and pudgy form. To think that he expected her to go without an objection. Oh, why should he revert to old methods at this hour! One does not blindly follow unpleasant custom so meekly when one's eyes have seen a different world. She had seen a world where women were the intellectual equals of men, where they were independent and joyously free. There the dignity of womanhood was recognized and men were not allowed to have four wives and as many other women as they could keep in their harems. Certainly she did not want to spend it in an atmosphere of bickerings and snapping tongues. The average harem was a hotbed of jealous quarrels conducive to antagonistic, clan-nish warfare. Her travels had opened her eyes to the smallness of such a life. The first Sultan to travel for pleasure came to a disastrous end. Sultan Abdul Azziz during his stay at the French court acquired a taste for a different type of beauty. On his return he searched long and far till he found Mihiri, a ravishing Circassian slave. Together their extravagances emptied the treasury. He was deposed.

Roseen's thoughts returned to her predicament. In a fortnight they would perform the rites and she would be married, even though neither she nor the bridegroom attended the ceremony. Feasting and gayety would fill the scene, but the actual marriage is the signing of a contract that fixes the dowry and the alimony in case of divorce, which rule had been laid down in the Koran. Legal representatives of the couple sign the document and it is all over!

How could her father fail her, he who had been broadminded enough to give her a European education and yet so conservative that he would not ignore the old rule; she must marry and she must

marry young. Her father had reasoned in terms of one who saw his duty clearly; to find one who could provide well for her and protect her. He believed it the time to limit her privileges, for with modern ideas gaining in circulation among the young Turks, it would never do to let her have one with whom she could work for the rebellion among women.

Stepping inside from the garden, Roseen sank into a soft pile of lustrous cushions and gave herself up to a secret hope for one moment and a feeling of inevitable helplessness the next. For she did not underestimate the barriers against the Turkish women's half-hearted pleas for freedom. Ah, they were cunningly used, those barriers; from the restricted education of the girls to the finely wrought iron lattices on the harem windows.

She thought of the two short years she had been allowed to spend in France, after much persuasion. The gay crowded hours, after books were put away, spent in the home of the ambassador from Turkey. Strange, how quickly the restraint had worn off.

The sympathetic ambassador under whose care she was entrusted, enlisted the aid of the wives of his official friends at the French capital in entertaining her. They fully realized what might be ignited in initiating a spirited girl into the joys of a more varied social life composed of both sexes. Here was a girl not yet broken in, but she quickly got over the inbred Turkish notion that modesty was violated if a woman conversed with a man not of her kin.

She read numberless French novels, romances she had never had at home. She gloried in walking and shopping. Like most Turkish women she had a ready wit and was soon tossing and juggling words in that carefree manner of young people when they get together, although she could not wholly get over a strange feeling of daring when she spoke to a man.

With Toumar, she had spent idyllic hours. Toumar, dark as a Saracen, supple and clean cut, was the son of Ahmed

of Arunn, the merchant prince, who with a number of other wealthy men of affairs had sent their sons to be educated in France; presumably to complete the transformation of the exclusive Oriental into the accomplished European.

Toumar had known her when she was ten, and he fourteen in the old grade school in Stamboul. As children they had played together on the shores of the Bosphorus and shared rides on his pet donkey. After the age of ten a girl is put in a separate school and required to don the veil or yaskmah. There she pursues only those studies considered necessary preparations for a life to be spent in few endeavors. She learns to excel in languages, especially French, to produce exquisite needlework. She is trained in poetic speech, gesture and bearing, Eastern dances, languishing poses, and seductive glances.

The happy days in Paris came back vividly. At a party given by the gracious wife of a French diplomat, she was asked to meet three young country men of hers. They were being introduced. She did not see the look of pleased surprise in the eyes of one till he gave a low exclamation and said, "Why it's Roseen! Don't you remember the hours we spent together in the little red caique (boat)?" In answer to the astonished look in her eyes, he said, "Your willing boatman!"

Indeed, it was Toumar, the playmate of her earlier years. He led her to a divan and in another minute they had forgotten all else but each other and interests at home. They fully appreciated the singular strangeness of each other's position as they discussed mingled hopes and cumbrous traditions. Their kindhearted and ingenious hostess made it a simple matter for them to meet often and waited with much interest for results.

It should not have been difficult for them to express their love for each other in that city of all cities, Paris, but the custom of centuries among the more refined Turks still held sway. Consciousness of their feeling for each other made it hard to appear natural and gay among the gatherings of young people.

The night before she was to board a

Mediterranean boat for the Queen City of the East, they gave her a farewell dance, the merry Parisiennes, and played their hardest, for once she was home, she would again don the veil for an existence apart from men.

Each dance brought the hour nearer, each smile only deepened the poignancy of farewell. Her thoughts were pressing, hurting, unrelenting, whirling with the dance, as Toumar swung her about through the French doors, out into the coolness of a moon-filled terrace. At the low stone steps he stopped, with a deft motion caught her up and carried her swiftly through the rose-scented garden.

Speechless from the suddenness of his action she lay inert, half-stunned. At a stone seat near the playing fountain he stopped, "Roseen, my Eastern flower, I love you more than I can tell, promise, promise! that you will wait for me! You and I know there is but one true love; do not give in to custom, you were not made for a harem prison. You are mine," and he kissed her on startled petal-like lips. Resist, she could not; he drew her closer. The roses poured out their fragrance, which stole languorously through the garden till the breezes took it up and sent it swirling and eddying about the heads of two claimed by overwhelming affection.

Roseen's reflections quickened the pulse and made her sit up. Her father would not change his mind. By the last day of April, two weeks hence, they would take her to the home of a man she did not love. When Toumar returned early in May, it would be too late to ask for her hand. She could not even reach him through the lover's medium, slaves.

Then she remembered that the first place he would go to on his return was the bookwriters guild, to see a long-separated friend.

Accordingly, on the afternoon of the day she expected him to arrive, she announced her intention to go riding and was allowed to go in the carriage with a companion. They were driven across the bridge of Karakeui, connecting Pera to Stamboul over the Golden Horn; up the hill, past the Mosque of the Pigeons, on to a road which carried them to the

Ancient Guild of Bookwriters, who kept in existence a dying trade. Gentle old men sat in the stalls of a colonnade, copying delicate scrip and making books with the aid of few tools, red morocco leather and gold leaf. They did not publish a thought less than one thousand years old. The Moslems, like the Romans, have invented nothing, but they do know how to utilize and copy. Persian captives sent to Constantinople after the deadly battle of Chaldrian left the marks of their exquisite taste on the carved minarets, jewelled armor and gold-wrought stuffs. The choice designs on the decorative tooled books were invented before Byzantine Constantinople fell.

She was fingering a volume of gorgeous crimson, when her wandering eyes saw him. Almost the same instant he recognized her, upon which she indicated the book, carefully replaced it, and returned in haste to the carriage to be driven off.

He lost no time in locating the book. Inside the title page was a square white

envelope which carried a faint odor of jasmine.

Back in his own home he tore it open with unsteady fingers. The news crystallized him into action. Slaves were safer means of communication between them than the betraying speech, touch or glance. He dispatched his father's most faithful servant with a reply; cautioning him to the utmost secrecy.

The appointed night was cloudless, the sky like deep velvet, and the stately cypresses full of mystery. In the garden the perfumes from the cyclamine, roses and jasmine went to the head like wine. Roseen stepped out softly and made her way to the gate. A horse came galloping down the road and stopped. Toumar landed lightly near the gate, helped her over it and onto a superb black Arabian steed. "I have taken the most precious flower from the garden!" he whispered. They were off! Only the eyes of Eunuch, huge Nubian slave, saw, but he veiled the knowing look in his eyes and turned away.

L. B.

THE GIFT OF ART

A well-known writer once said that, until Corot painted the twilight, it did not exist. At first glance this may seem a gross exaggeration of fact, but closely considered this truism is indeed of valuable assistance in getting down to the root of that age-old query—"What price art?" On analyzing this somewhat startling aphorism, however, it becomes plain that, until this French painter turned up with his bursting sense of the compelling beauty of advancing night, no one else had ever made such a pictorial to-do over the soft and subtle qualities that nature manifests in her moments of nocturnal transition. While other artists before him had sensed the quiet beauty of twilight and dawn, had given voice in many a couplet and canvas to their lyric joy at this ageless miracle, it remained for Corot to reach the very peak of praise over this daily veiling of things terrestrial, over this nightly transformation from staring fact to floating fancy.

In the long succession of delicately modulated landscapes that bear this famous painter's name is found the whole matter of dawn and twilight so succinctly summed up that, ever afterward, this particular phase of nature has been an open secret for all men to understand and appreciate for themselves. Out of this painter's appreciation and gratitude, out of his ecstasy and homage, came this seeming revelation. He fixed the fleeting effects of graying skies and melting foliage in a secure and lasting web of

tone and color. He made it possible that others, noting these signposts he so ardently set up, should follow him in his rhapsodical flights and come to know in turn what he had discovered. Only the deepest feeling for natural beauty could have given him the clue to what had always lain so abundantly at man's feet.

Herein is summed up the great gift of art; that just as Corot became the acknowledged spokesman for one special asset of beauty, so each artist in turn uncovers some other variation of the eternal theme, some sign of confidence in a universe so full of wonders to the seeing eye. Each searcher for fresh beauty is another link in the universal claim of art. As Browning so aptly puts it, "He lends his *inner eye*," making visible that which to others is unseen. From out the great cosmic storehouse of beauty are these treasures brought forth one by one; to each artist his particular gift. Without the Rembrandts, the Velasquez, the Titians, the world would be irreparably the poorer. Minus the great legion of artists that have sprung up in every age and clime, the history of mankind would be a colorless affair, a prosaic record at best. Art is a free gift, a boon that opens the unseeing eyes, that touches the heart to higher concepts. It preaches a gospel of tolerance and mutuality, of a kinship beyond race and creed. Giving in the name of art and beauty is true giving indeed.

---Christian Science Monitor.



EDITORIAL

Friends of Richard E. Bailey, our first Student Association President, and his mother, also a graduate of the Normal Art, will be interested to read the following excellent article by Mr. Bailey, recently published in the Providence Journal.

(From the Providence Journal,
Sunday, Nov. 22, 1925)

Many people, including some school superintendents and principals, look upon drawing as a fad or passing fancy. If there need be a reduction in school expenses, drawing is too often deemed one of the subjects first to be eliminated. It is gratifying, however, that its importance is becoming better appreciated and I firmly believe that the day will come when freehand drawing will be regarded as great in educational value as many academic subjects.

The average person hardly realizes how closely art is related to everyday life. It has been said that we might live without art, but not so well. I venture to say that today we could not live without it any more than we could without mathematics. It matters not if you are a business man, a printer, a carpenter, a musician, a milliner, or whatnot, a knowledge of drawing is a great advantage.

Consider, if you please, the position of a large manufacturing concern. From the time its article of manufacture is conceived in thought until it is placed on the market through the medium of advertising, drawing plays its part from the expression of the original idea on paper to the conveying of that idea to the public by the aid of the commercial designer.

Look about you. Your eye meets either beauty or ugliness, but why not beauty always? Is it not because of a lack of taste and appreciation that the ugly is allowed to exist? Good taste and appreciation of the beautiful come to most of us only through proper environment and a knowledge of the fitness of things, the discernment of which is greatly enhanced by practice and skill in drawing. When we, the

public, demand things well designed and well made, then and only then will high attainment be achieved. If we are satisfied to live on a monotonous street of packing box houses, then we shall have them. If we accept ugly designs in wall papers, draperies, rugs, furniture and the other articles that make up the home furnishings, we shall continue to have them.

Many a salesman will raise his voice in praise of something poor in design and color fit only for the junk heap and unless we have taste based on artistic appreciation we believe and accept his word.

Now drawing in the public schools is not art nor does it profess to be, but it does attempt to cultivate taste; to teach students to see and become more observing. Beside these things it is the aim of drawing to develop the creative ability in the thought of the student and allow him to express his own individuality. We should not be willing that our youth be mere automatons, but individuals thinking and acting for themselves. Drawing enriches the thought and makes a more intelligent workman in any profession. The ability of a person to make a drawing express what he may have in mind renders him more understandable, efficient and forceful, thereby increasing his earning power.

Aside from the importance of drawing for its commercial value it has a cultural advantage which cannot be measured in dollars and cents. Many people go through life seeing only about half that there is to see, consequently missing just that much pleasure. If a study of drawing helps us to see better, to be more observing and appreciative, hence increasing our happiness, is it not worthwhile? Is it not something more than a fad or fancy? If it increases a sense of good taste so that there may be carried into the home a discrimination in the selection of the things that help create a more restful atmosphere, which means so much in the culture and refinement and joy of its occupants, then it is worthwhile.

RICHARD E. BAILEY.

President R. I. Association Teachers of
Drawing and Manual Arts.
Providence, Nov. 17.

THE BLUE SHIP

Do you ever find yourself wishing for something different and interesting to do, when an afternoon hangs heavy over your head? Do you ever wish for a cozy, cheerful corner where you may chat peacefully with a friend?

Surprising tho' it may seem, there is such a corner nestled peacefully within

easy reach of the heart of Boston. This most delightful spot, which has come to be a rendezvous for many interesting people, especially artists and college students, extends a cordial welcome to the public every afternoon from three to five thirty, with the exception of Wednesday.

Follow your nose to T-wharf, the site of the Boston tea-party, and at the outmost end of the wharf you will see some gay, blue window-boxes and a jolly hanging sign which reads "Blue Ship Gift Shop". Another greeting invites you to "Have Afternoon Tea on Hurricane Deck". There's a wee, blue-railed balcony too, where a wise wooden duckling flings his beak to the passing breeze and a ponderous old tea-kettle swings invitingly above.

As you meander up the gang-plank of the Blue Ship, you may see some sail-makers at work upon great ship's wings. When you obey the request upon the wee door to "Rap Hard"—lift the queer totem pole which serves as a knocker, you will hear a cordial "Come in" echoing from the upper region. Open the door and walk in, up the narrow stairway into the hospitable atmosphere of Miss Amy Dalrymple's studio, where charm and color, sky and ocean combine in most pleasing harmony. You are welcome into the home-like cheer of a

most attractive, large, low room; rough, white-washed beams overhead and a floor of wide, smooth boards from the picturesque back-ground for Miss Dalrymple's treasures.

One can hardly believe that the roar of the city is within but a short distance from this peaceful spot. The colors of Venetian waters surround the old wharf when scarlet rudders dance in emerald waves.

Not forgetting our epicurean natures, we cannot neglect to mention the delicious goodies which appear upon Miss Dalrymple's quaint little tables, such dainty morsels, delectable sandwiches, cakes such as fairies dine upon, and choice teas:—or if one wishes a more hearty repast—there are pink lobsters, a real sea feast, or a substantial steak.

Such a jolly place! One cannot afford to miss the pleasure of candle-light tea with Miss Dalrymple, who is a graduate of M. N. A. S. and has a friendly welcome for Normal Art Students.

SOPHMANIA

It was a poor, crazed Sophomore
And he stopped me, one of three,
"By thy dirty face and haggard eye
Now wherefor stoppest thou me?"

He smote me with his long T square
And heaved a shuddering sigh,
"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.

"My station point is far away,
My center of vision dim,"
And through his pale ellipses
The sad words came from him.

"Dynamic symmetry, alas,
Has been my youthful blight.
Till peep of dawn I slave upon
The shadows of the night.

"Four flights I heavenward toil to oil
Amidst the dying peppers
And leap with fear at every sound
Of loudly echoing steppers.

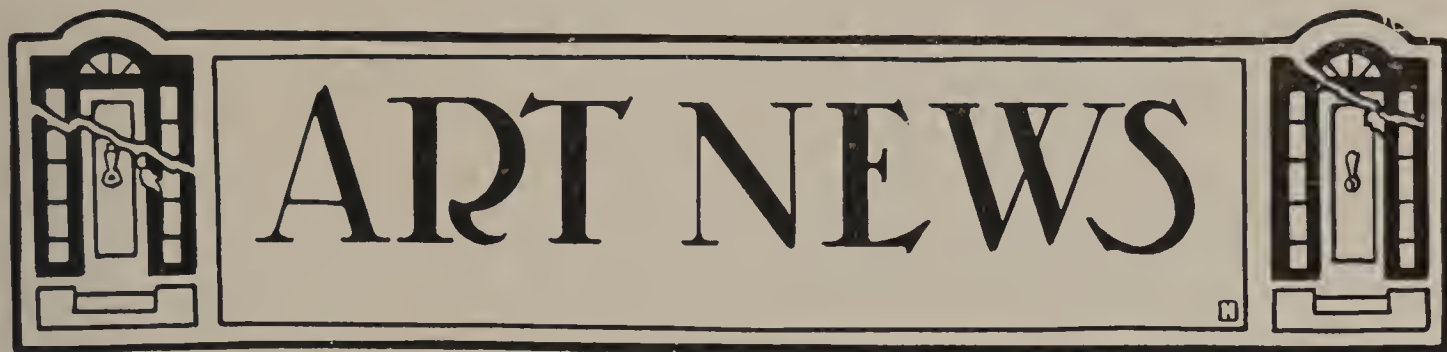
"And watercolor!" On the floor
He heavily had fainted.
"In truth," I cried, "I guess this art's
As bad as it is painted."

P. L. P.

COURTESY OF CASSON GALLERIES



"TURBOT'S CREEK"
by
Stanley Woodward



ART NEWS

The group of six water color painters were well represented at an intriguing show at the Boston Art Club last month. Marion Monks Chase is violent, futuristic, and vibrant, in no way picturesque and not altogether pleasing. Her painting is exceedingly introspective and seems at times to be memory work. She takes great delight in linear design. Harley Perkins' group is characterized by his usual naivety and childlike vision. Often unreal as to values, his sketches have yet a definite sensation of light and atmosphere. In making his sketches in Mexico, Mr. Perkins has developed a technique well adapted to expressing the peculiarities of tropical beauty. Charles Hovey Peper's pictures have become more real since last year. Fluent and easy, they are very satisfactory as reproductions of nature. Fire, a sketch of a man silhouetted against a campfire, is striking, dramatic in chiaroscuro, and sincere in execution. Rain is also a skillful painting, with no chroma run and little variety in color. John Goss is the one painter who has used the water color most discriminately. No other medium could so well be employed in his sketches. By means of a coordination between hand and eye, this man has given us pleasant studies of aesthetic appeal. They are free, spontaneous, and pervaded with a feeling of peaceful joy of creation. Charles Hopkinson seems concerned with color sensation alone. Although some of his cliff studies are almost indiscernible, they do conjure up a mental picture by means of color. There is little thought apparent in Hopkinson's work but rather an intentional carelessness. The artist seems to hold himself passive, a physical medium through which beauty may be subconsciously presented. Carl Cutler's work is fevered and exotic.

Like Marion Chase, he enjoys intensely dyed patterns. He delights in exaggeration as a means of telling truth. His rocks are particularly fantastic as to color. These six believe in the personal equation in Art. They purposely have strayed from the beaten path, attempting not to reproduce exactly, but to express things as they appear and appeal to them.

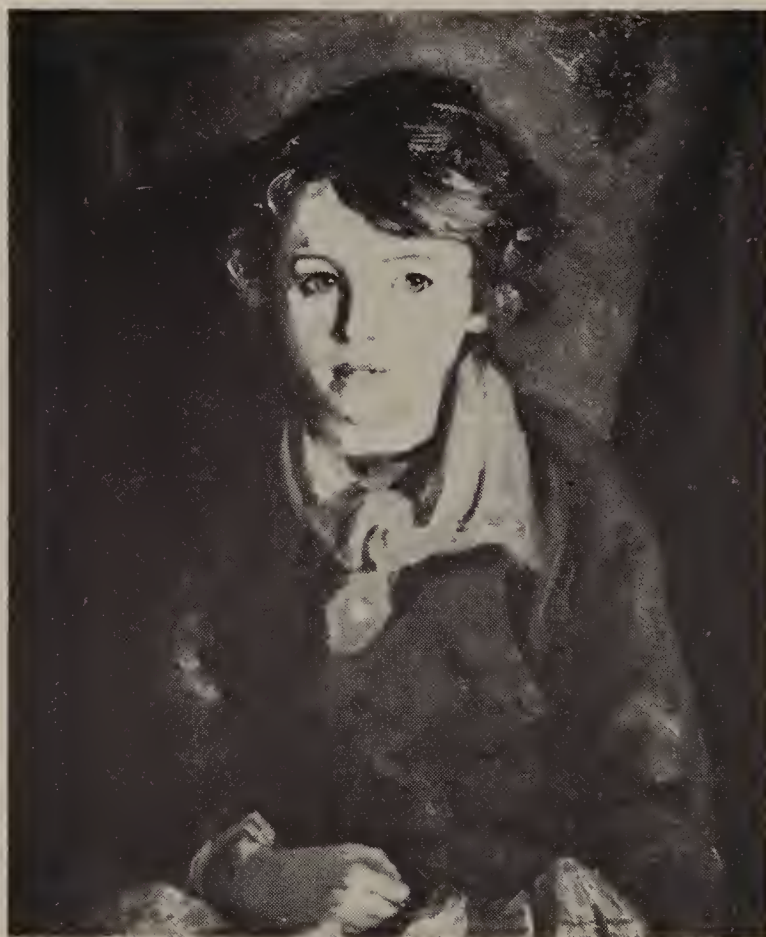
The present hanging at the Art Club is one to startle the followers of the conservative school.

Geometricians, these painters are concerned primarily with cubes and colored planes.

E. A. Webster's picture of a hill city under the sun is a perfect example of geometric art with little perspective. No outstanding focus point, and no "lost and founds." There is a still life by Agnes Weinrich that looks like child's work, a murky landscape occupied by a fat woman called Summer, astonishing still life by Helen Duncan, some smoky tulips by H. E. Mattson, and a surprising barnyard scene that looks like a cock pecking a bleeding cow. Forbidding but rather grand in its dignity, there is one painting worthy of the name. It is an old man tending geese by C. A. Kaeselin. This canvas is well composed, nicely painted, and ably characterized. On either side, heightened in absurdity by this proximity, are paintings No. 1 and No. 2 by Blanche Lazell. F. A. Coburn of the Herald wonders "what the artist will do the third time if a merciful Creator spares her to do it." Jane Kilhanis' work though modern is quite convincing. The Golden Birch rouses pleasant reminiscences of Autumn and her Still Life has virtuosity. Another meritorious canvas is Janice Tevorklor by

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COURTESY OF CASSON GALLERIES



"A GIRL"

by

Robert Henri

that good painter, E. W. Dickinson. It is a monochrome of purples, unusual but sincere. Dickinson seems justified in experimentation and diversion from convention by reason of his talent.

At the Guild, the first of the month, Mary Brewster Hazelton had an exhibit of portraits in oils and head drawings. Mrs. Roger Conant Hatch is a competent piece of painting, breathing dignity and graciousness. The portrait of a young girl in blue expresses all the charm and unconscious grace and beauty of youth. In the same discerning way by means of color, value, chroma, and composition, Mary Hazelton imbues each portrait with its own spirit. The portrait in low rich tones, one of the most attractive, expresses also a distinctive personality. Riverside is a lovely dream-like study of a bridge-spanned river.

At the Guild, now, are portraits by Giovanni B. Troccoli. Most striking of this artist's characteristics is his utter facility, his apparent ease of obtaining likenesses. The transitions are flowing, the coloring transparent (if at times a bit rosy like apples), and the edges prominent only when necessary. His self portraits are as well painted as any. The old ladies are very appealing. He portrays humbler folk more attractively than the more aristocratic. Although his technique is quite sophisticated, his forte is simplicity and human interest.

At the Irving and Casson Galleries is a remarkable hanging of oils and watercolors by George Hallowell. Unusually well-designed, simply and directly painted, these sketches have a noteworthy decorative merit. Deliberation, thoroughness, quiet assurance, and subjective treatment distinguish the group. His method of painting is a purely personal one as a result of his introspection. The paintings are of noble, rugged mountains, vast snow-covered forests, and all grandeur in nature. The tonal coloring is for the most part cool, imparting to the works an appropriate aloofness and melancholy dignity. Hallowell is by no means an ordinary painter and his work, combining naturalness and inspired lyricism, is far from commonplace. Twin Trees Hovel and Montenegro are two representative sketches, differing from each other in character but equal in worth. Among

his oils, Mt. Jefferson, Grand Pitch, and White Mountains from Whitefield, are excellent.

Stanley Woodward has a group of very interesting little pencil sketches in the print room. A thorough master of the graphite point, Woodward with an economy of strokes presents a very charming suggestion of a whole picture, perhaps of New Orleans or Maine or England. He generalizes broadly, but yet has a happy knack of presenting little touches of observation.

At Doll and Richards are some lovely watercolors by Vladimir Pavlosky. They are a delight to look upon because of their color juxtaposition and harmony. Most of the sketches show a varied scheme of color choice, resonant and distinguished. The Plow is a simply impressive composition of a farmer silhouetted against a Spring sky. Deep Water of Maine is especially good for rich color and marine suggestion. The Leaking Dory and Ogunquit Rocks are other excellent sketches. Mr. Pavlosky's drawing is studied as in an oil. His handling of his medium is terse and exact.

Neither does Sears Gallagher at the Guild depend upon values and splashes of color to depict nature. Accomplished in technique as well as draftsmanship he produces very lovely finished sketches. His work is crisp, calm, and coolly fastidious. Among his sketches Mt. Washington which is stunning and Mountain Farm which is warmer in its appeal, are prominent.

Another water color artist, Charles Curtis Allen, is showing some sketches at the Copley Galleries. His work is bracing, colorful, and like nature. He draws mountains especially well. He is purposeful if not particularly powerful.

At these same Galleries is an entrancing show of flower groups by Laura Hills. Here is an artist who believes in realism, whose conception of art is imitation and faithful reproduction of a lovely thing. Why is it becoming considered insipid to paint a thing that delights our senses, as it appears? Her colors are as clear as the nature, her technique perfect for mixture feeling, her arrangement exemplary, and her ensemble a sketch of beauty. Although

the subject is not of great nobility or immensity, it is, however, an appealing one and suited for certain environments.

Jonas Lie, that remarkable young artist, has a stunning show at the Vose Galleries. It is fairly breath taking in its big vitality and broad simplicity of treatment. In all the canvases is that ease of genius that seems so unlabored, but is, in reality, exhausting effort. His lighting effects and color arrangements are those of a thoroughly schooled painter. His light on water is effulgent. The Storm Cloud weirdly lighted with green is an amazing study in color and value and emotional effect. It is interesting to note the subjects so virile. Autumn and On the Coast are two of the best. This man from the heights and spaces of Norway paints as vividly as any contemporary painter.

At the Art Museum are many works

from the prolific brush of the master, John Singer Sargent. There is little need to laud genius. The hanging is a revelation of painting, artfulness, and head portraiture.

One of the most fascinating exhibits of the month is that by John Whorf at Grace Horne's Galleries. It is truly an extraordinary show for so young a man, both as to quantity and quality. There is a great number of bright vibrant watercolors. Like his oils, they are expressive of an interesting temperament, emotional and uninhibited. His oils are glorious in color, striking for composition and light arrangement, and glamorous in spirit. An aura of romance insinuates itself on the spectator as he looks at these pictures of the colorful places of the world. His method is free, flowing and promising of greater achievement. Mr. John Sargent thought well enough of this painter to purchase one of his watercolors.

GIRLS ATHLETIC CLUB

October 28th found a group of girls assembled in Mr. Cain's room. Lillian Burgoyne took charge of the meeting and the officers of the Girls' Athletic Club for the season 1925-1926, were chosen: President, Lillian Burgoyne; Vice-President, Mildred Ellis; Secretary, Elaine Cook; Treasurer, Betty Lane.

A second meeting was held later and the president informed the girls of the offer at the Y. W. C. A., of which they decided to take advantage. The amount given the club by the Association helped the individuals with their entrance fee.

After examinations they formed a class of their own, there at the Mechanic Building where they have been on Thursdays from 4:30 to 5:30 o'clock. Beside the good training in gym exercises the girls are enjoying basket ball, and look forward to skating, swimming and the other sports offered at the "Y. W."

The membership includes the officers named before, Eleanor Wilder, Louise Beckert, Marion Laughlin, Ellen Weed, Hilda Frost, Julia Corey, Rachel Clapp, Clara Olsen, Geraldine Gillis, Jeannette Henderson, Kathryn McCormick, Marjorie Read, Rhoda Hathaway, Doris Hinckley, and Helen Corbet.

M. M. READ.

WORDS

We wear our words so ceaselessly and long

They are all threadbare, all ragged, all torn.

Quotations we are very saving of.

We fold them up in mothballs

To use again on some special occasion.

New words are more precious than rubies,

And are to be hoarded as such.

Oh, for an orgy of fine words!

Elegant epigrams, slashing satire,

Sharp as an icicle, sparkling as fire.

Candy-sweet compliments, whirligig wit,

Whetted on lightning, wondrously writ,

Words that roar and words that rumble,

Words that grate and words that grumble,

Words that dart, and delve and dribble,

Words that quash, and quench and quibble,

Words that crack, that croon, that clatter,

Words that sweep, that splash, that spatter,

Shake them out of the dictionary.

String them for jewels,

Strew them for rushes,

Paste them up in the sky for stars!

BARBARA SPOFFORD.

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Vol. IV

Boston, Massachusetts, December, 1925

No. 2

PROCEDURE FOR TACKLING
PERSPECTIVE

Before opening a book on perspective you will find it necessary or at least advisable to kindle that "do or die" spirit in the breast, for this is not a subject for anyone with a faint heart; so, in some manner, be sure that your courage is at the sticking point. One effective way to attain this inspiration is by looking over the tintypes of your relatives who fought Indians and crossed mountains with great courage and against baffling odds. Now, if your confidence is strengthened, thrust out your jaw to resemble Uncle Ed's, smite the desk with a solid blow, the while you say, "Begad, let's at it and have extra time for those overdue papers."

You have passed the crisis. Half the battle is won. Congratulations! Next in order comes the setting for this little comedy, drama or tragedy, as you will. The atmosphere is most important. There must be no distracting influence on the outside which will break coarsely into that feeling of mystery which attends the subject of perspective. Pick out the most comfortable chair in the house and take it for yourself. If some one has the mis-

fortune to be occupying it at the time, do not permit his arguments to stop you in your purpose. Explain to all in a gentle but firm voice how necessary it is that you have that particular chair. How can they expect you to do good work if they do not cooperate and sympathize with you in your work?

Although you know that you are in the right, do not forget that the superior man always has perfect self-control. Speak in a low, cultured voice with the broad accent which has such a paralyzing effect on the family. If you sadly stop to think that they are rather unappreciative then do not be too cast down for it has always been that a genius is without honor in his own home.

So take the chair and place it in a good light and get down to business, and do not be too abrupt. The step into the intricacies of perspective is a radical one and unless you are hardened, as they say in athletics, you must proceed by degrees. Start by reading Andy Gump in the paper, turn to the market reports and then try a very dry editorial, from which the transition to perspective may

be made without a noticeable quickening of the heart action.

Read the first paragraph carefully. You will find it dry reading so place within your reach a bottle of ginger ale or some ice cream and a supply of peanuts. These are all excellent fuels to increase efficiency in the thinking apparatus. Play a game with the peanuts. Read one sentence, eat two peanuts; read another, take two more.

At the end of each paragraph you deserve a bonus of five, begin again, ad infinitum peanutis.

So here we are at the first diagram. By the way, wouldn't that make a splendid start for that composition you planned to make? Let's develop that a bit. In about ten minutes you return to Rex Vicat Cole.

Start again, wait a minute. Whose candy is that on the table? Never mind, take it all; you'll get some more tomorrow. Yes you will.

"Diagonally speaking the arc point of

the semi-circular rotunda will, etc." You do some small sketches on the margin spaces. Suddenly, start up, remembering poster which is due Tuesday, for her dance. Must have it done; so begin to block it in. Work steadily for one hour until clock strikes. Realize you are hungry. Sandwiches and milk. Pick up book, but drop it to read article in evening paper on the "Value of Concentration." You agree with author implicitly.

Clock strikes again. You decide it is too late to work anymore tonight. Anyway head buzzes. Resolve to get up at 5 A. M. to read the whole business. Everybody admits perspective is a great mental strain. Ucello or somebody went mad from studying it. You must not overwork—absolutely not—Oh! Will do it when the old bean is fresh as a daisy.

You get up next morning in time to get 7:45 train. Oh well! the road to V.P. is paved with good intentions.

DUKE WHIT.

VIA JAMWAYS

Hurrying from the M. N. A. S. building, unable to open one's umbrella until Boylston Street has been reached, after successfully and muddily traversing that thoroughfare, one enters the hole by the library. Detecting a rattle below and imagining it to be the approach of one's car, one speeds down the murky stairs, skids on the curve at the landing and reaches the stile behind a crowd, all of whom hold a dollar bill and seem only to comprehend that the car is on the opposite track. Presently another car grinds up to the stop and one boards. After a few hours Park Street centers into vision and one steps to the bespattered subway floor.

Racing behind an elderly couple down a flight of stairs to the Harvard Square train, one enters a car which smells of fish, Egyptian passion, wet feet, and is crammed near the doors, while great open spaces are seen in the middle.

Down the gangway to the North Cambridge car stop the people trip over one another and try to get an edge on the curve. The car comes to a stop,—one, two, three, let's all shove. No waiting, every one for himself. There's only room for two entrants at a time but they

all start at once except, perhaps, some few stubborn croakers like myself who disgustedly stand their ground on the edge of the mob and watch them hog their way in. The croakers enter the car, finally, where intelligent men in sitting posture read the odds on the evening's prize fight, and women wildly grapple for the straps.

If some one would invent an apparatus to inject people into the further corners of the car, there would be no crumpled corns nor jilted hats. Standing near the door, the only moveable muscles are those of the eyes which glance heavenward to be attracted by a variety of signs, as it were: RINSO FOR SUDS, DEERFOOT SAUSAGES, SCOTT'S EMULSION, rich in vitamins. After stopping at every block while someone gouges, butts or wheedles his way out, the tired traveller gains the door and requests the motorman not to slide by his stop. Whereupon, he suddenly jerks the car to a stop and slams the door open, the rebound of which hurls the traveller from the high step to the pavement on all fours, in front of a fast moving Kissel car! There's no place like home.

MARJORIE READ.

THE PALETTE AND PEN

Several former classes of our school have published a year-book as a memento of the friendships, school festivities and interests which have seemed worthy of remembrance.

The early year-books are accessible in the library and certain interesting information of our school a few years ago. No doubt the most interesting features of these year-books are the youthful photos of many of our present faculty.

Problems of management and finance have always faced the publishers of a school-year book and these problems have seemed especially troublesome in this school. There are various reasons for this, the chief ones being the small demand for the book because of our numbers, and a lack of responsibility.

We have carefully weighed each issue for and against the publication of a year-book during the present year. There have been strong arguments upon both sides of the question, but a final decision has been made.

Since this decision has been cast in favor of the publication of a year-book, there now remains to be proved the wisdom of this decision. To publish a year-book there must be enthusiasm and support. As a school, you have asked for a year-book; now, as a school will you support your request with your subscription?

PEGGY PAGE.

OBITUARY

When we returned to school this fall we immediately became aware of the fact that during our absence one of our dearest friends had been spirited away. We now refer to that well-known eating place commonly spoken of as the Exeter Creamery, Luncheon and Spa ("a" as in say) upon which we used to descend in droves during our rest periods. We peeked in through the windows. It was all too true! Gone were the coffee and the doughnuts, the potato chips and the jelly beans. Nothing remained to remind us of our former friend but the spot on the floor where Jessie spilled her coffee.

A week went by and we were still lamenting our misfortune when someone, (we think it was "Add") made the startling discovery that the well-known shingle was now swinging in front of one of the ex-apartments on Newbury Street. Joyfully we dashed over at the earliest possible convenience and populated the same old stools and rested our elbows on the same old counter. We reveled in the food and grew noticeably fat but, alas, our joy was short lived, for one morning we found to our dismay that the Exeter Creamery, Luncheon and Spa had again taken flight and this time we knew not whence. Therefore, we enlist the co-operation of the whole school in aiding us to ferret out our elusive friends' present hiding place, and thereby materially improving the dispositions of the entire Sophomore class.

MADLINE KROLL.

TWO PINK ROSES

The moon climbed up the hill with me—
A half moon slanted like the hill—
The happy stars ran on ahead
With noisy feet and laughter shrill.

The two pink roses in my hand
The tighter wrapped their leaves about,
And pressed their fingers on their ears
To keep the brazen voices out.

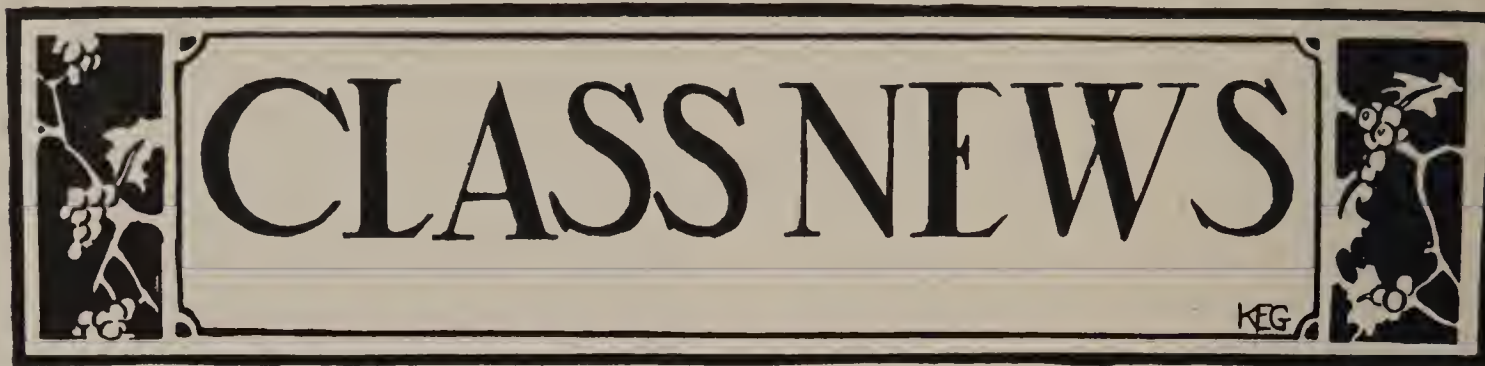
"A moon should be a perfect sphere
Of mellow yellow, not dead white.
The stars should all be silent flowers,
Securely fastened down at night.

"This so-called moon and these loud
stars,
I pray you, leave them now and here.
Why, we learned to ignore such folk
When we were in the greenhouse, dear."

Poor roses, what knew they of joy,
Or of companionship? I sighed.
For they have satin petals, thorns,
And fragrance, those and naught beside.

The moon climbed up the hill with me—
A half moon with a clown-white face—
The cherub stars skipped on ahead
Until they found a breeze to chase.

B. S.



CLASS NEWS

APROPOS OF THE SENIORS

A senior class meeting was held Monday, November 2, 1925. The most important issue was the election of a chairman for the Christmas Spread. Leon Reginald Kibbe was honored.

Many of the seniors are actively engaged in their thesis work; most of the Teacher Training Department are out teaching. The Fine Arts and Design Departments were capably and artistically represented at the Students Art Exhibition, notably, paintings by Frederick O'Hara and Louis Novak, vivid charcoal and pastel studies by Edwin Earle and others.

But regardless of all our activities and preoccupations, the seniors have many precious moments when they exchange reminiscences of their summer pleasures. Among the exuberant raconteurs are Fred Russell with his tales of his adventures wandering in Scotland, Wales, France, Switzerland and Italy; Elmer Hall, color expert and stage scenery assistant manager of Worf of the Copley Theater, at Peterboro, New Hampshire; Fred Robinson harmonizing up in Center Harbor, N. H.; Jeanne E. Kantor study-

ing at La Grande Chaumiere in Paris, and incidentally she spent a week with "Our little French girl," Lorette Boname, in Valentigney, Doubs, France; Marion Atkins teaching crafts in Boothbay Harbor, Maine; Charles Austin in his unique "Paint Box Gift Shop" at Marblehead, Massachusetts; last, but not least, our proud possessors of sparkling solitaires, Helen Davis and Hilda Boyd. Helen became engaged the last of August to Captain Roger Fisher of Norwich University and a Phi Kappa Delta man. All good wishes to you, Helen; and, Hilda, to Ernest Parfitt.

Florence Townsend has not returned this year. She finds married life all engrossing and you, Bill? What is the little bird whispering about our Bill! Congratulations.

Fred O'Hara worked on the Boston Globe and took a trip to Newport, West Virginia, and Eddie Earle was farming in Quebec.

The list of the senior personnel could go on indefinitely, but I must call a halt here, for space limits my hurrying pen and turns away to other tasks.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

Thanksgiving holidays over, we are filled with the thrill of the Christmastide and the coming festivities. The Junior spread will be one of the season's brightest spots and we want every Junior to be present.

Smock day was a great success and we certainly congratulate our Freshmen upon their talent and enthusiasm.

Since our regrets concerning the departure of Frank Van Steen, as published in

the former issue of the *Artgum*, he has returned to our ranks to continue his course. We welcome you, Frank.

We feel rather flattered as a class to know that a former senior, Doris Dennen, who has returned to work for a degree, has chosen our class as her alma mater. We can hardly blame her, for for the Juniors certainly are doing most jolly stunts in all our courses.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

At last the Sophomore dance has come and gone, the dance "a la Boheme". Though the dancers were not Bohemians, if some of them looked it, the atmosphere could not have been surpassed in Washington Square itself. The palettes, the giddy spots of color. Shades of Color Harmony! the boys' tams and the girls' loud smokers gave the Greenwich Village effect. Wesley Grover's orchestra furnished the time and the tunes. Madame Bettina Lanina, the imported palmist and mind reader, concocted fantastic futures for all the romantic ones not otherwise occupied. The refreshments filled the great open spaces. An enjoyable evening was enjoyed by everyone.

The next important occasion will be the Christmas Spread, yum, yum. The committee for the spread is headed by Jessie MacDonald, and from all her reports it appears that we are going to be exceedingly well fed.

The Sophomore act of the Christmas Pageant is on the Buddhist religion. It should be very exotic and colorful. Miss Hathaway is coaching our class; so we may be assured that the acting will be finished and the production perfect. Arthur Wilde will play Buddha. Here is the cast: Margaret Hill, Mildred Ellis, Elizabeth Ewell, Ellen Lake, John Smith, Celestia Whitney, Ronald Murray, Dorothy Currie, Dorothy Dow, Elmer Greene, Ruth Broadbent, Geneva Annis, Lydia Hess, Jeanette Henderson, Ruth Cullen, Margaret Hapgood, May Atkinson, Pauline Burgen.

THE LITERARY CLUB

Every Tuesday afternoon in Mr. Brewster's room, a little group has been meeting under the direction of Mr. Jamison to read and discuss various literary works of greater or less importance. These informal gatherings have been more than recreational, they have stimulated, or whichever way you will have it, an interest and a love for books. Won't you come over and be literary with the Literary Club?

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

We are organized! At last we can really feel that we are an active part of this school. Our elections are over and we have as officers the following:

President—Ralph Shepherd,
Vice-President—Eleanor Wilder,
Secretary—Lincoln Levinson,
Treasurer—Harry Floyd.

We, of the Freshman Class, give our hearty support to those whom we have elected and know they will carry on their work successfully.

Ever since we entered the Massachusetts Normal Art School, we have been wondering what kind of work would be expected of us. The underlying cause of this wondering, was the thought of the week of "Elimination Examinations". Now it is over and what is more, we all seem to be still here. We have some idea of the work we should do to try to fulfil our instructors' expectations. I wonder how well we succeed!

Some of the talents possessed by members of the Freshman Class were revealed before our teachers and upper classmen on Wednesday, Nov. 18. The program, although shortened by unavoidable mishaps, proved to be one of which we are proud.

A committee is being formed for the Freshman dance. Watch for the date!

(Continued from page 3)

there was a strange warmth and a special kind of beauty. Bellows had the power "to evoke on canvas a world stirring with mysterious energy, observing life with an entirely new set of faculties, and participating in some magical process of creation". His work steadily changed and developed into something subtle, reserved, and distinctive in style, and his last canvases showed evidence of the coming of an even greater art. It is fascinating to think of what George Bellows might have achieved had he been allotted the normal span of life. As it is, he stands out as one of the pre-eminent artists of this day.

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THE SOLILOQUY OF A SORROW-
FUL SOPH

Listen, O ye Sophs, to the following strain. I found her (or should it be him,—men are sillier, you know) seated on a mushroom which had been lost. She sobbed into her rose-green chiffon smock, unaware that a fellow being listened.

"Oh, woe is me, woe is me! I should've taken up hairdressing like Aunt Emily said, instead've trying to become great. Here I've been studying art for a year and haven't made a cent, much less the \$100 a week like it says in the advertisements."

Her sobs grew greater in volume and I felt that I should comfort her, but curiosity forbade. Drawing closer, I heard her exclaim,

"And my sables are 'so shabby I couldn't wear them to the Soph Dance on December fourth! I missed a wonderful time!"

A freshman sauntered by chewing gum, and I feared that the object of my interest would be disturbed. But no, even that could not gain her attention.

"S'awful, s'awful," she wept, "I can't see why we can't have a new school! They said we would when I came here, but I ain't seen it yet!"

What awful, awful grammar the poor dear used! I suppose her mental condition was befagged.

Having used all the available space on her smock, she daintily drew from her pocket a clean white handkerchief, monogrammed "Hayes" which, I suppose, was her name, and sobbed into that.

Despite the fury of her outburst her eyes weren't red, except around the

edges which, of course is natural to any Sophomore.

"O, I guess I won't worry any more, I'm really quite clever. That is, certain people think so!"

"Why, the other day when I showed my work to a teacher he called (not quite the word but a substitution of the author's), 'My word! What mastery of the brush!' I don't know why he said something that sounded like a bird does but I guess it's a French phrase. I don't like to draw though, I don't see why I have to either, it takes up so much time that I hardly get a chance to dance at noon! Why can't I just paint pretty girls for the magazine covers?"

Her beautiful aesthetic face clouded over with sadness again. I felt sorry for the poor girl. What unhappiness was hers.

Just then a great noise like a storm breaking sounded and then stopped. I couldn't imagine then what it was, but later learned that the gong was working again.

With a fiendish yell my friend leaped to her feet, upsetting the mushroom.

"Great Scott, I gotta hurry; it's lunch-time!"

As her tastefully gowned back disappeared from view, I followed in her wake as quickly as possible, for I, too, am human.

Moral: "Even the great artists ate when they could."

D. D.

